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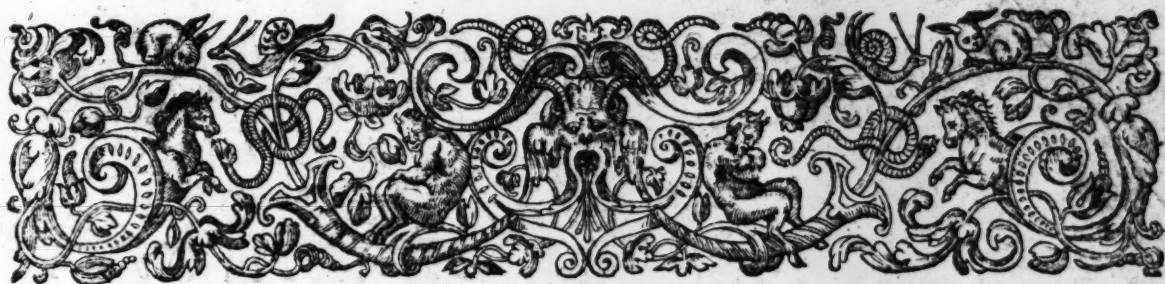
THE
FIRST BOOKE
of Songs or Aires of foure
parts, with Tableture for
the Lute.

So made, that all the partes
together, or either of them seue-
rally, may be sung to the Lute,
Orpherian or Viol de gambo.
Composed by Iohn DOWLAND
Lutenist & Batcheler of Musicke
in both the Vniuersities.
Also an inuention by the same Author
for two to play upon one Lute.
Newly Corrected and amended.

Nec proprius dominus, quæ profunt omnibus artes.
Imprinted at London by HVMFREY LOWNES,
dwelling on Bredstreet-hill, at the signe
of the Starre. 1606.



41
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1



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY,
OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER
of the Garter Knight; Baron of Hunsdon, Captaine of her Maie-
sties Gentlemen Pensioners, Gouvernour of the Isle of Wight, Lieu-
tenant of the Countie of Southt: Lord Chamberlaine of her
Maiesties most Royall house, and of her Highnesse most
Honorable Priue Councill.



Harmony (Right Honorable) which is skilfully exprest
by Instruments, albeit, by reason of the variety of number
and proportion, of it selfe, it easily stirres vp the mindes of
the hearers to admiration and delight, yet for higher autho-
ritie and power hath beene euer worthily attributed to that
kind of Musicke, which to the sweetnesse of Instrument ap-
plies the liuely voice of man, expressing some worthie sen-
tence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as all antiquitie can
witness) first grew the heauenly Art of Musicke: for LI-
NVS ORPHEVS and the rest, according to the number &
time of their Poems, first framed the numbers and times of Musicke: So that PLATO
defines Melodie to consist of harmonie, number and words; harmonie, naked of it selfe;
words the ornament of harmonie, number the common friend & vniter of them both.
This small Booke containing the consent of speaking harmonie, joined with the most
musical instrument the Lute, beeing my first labour, I haue presumed to dedicate to
your Lordship, who for your vertue and Nobilitie are best able to protect it; and for
your honourable fauours towards me, best deseruing my dutie and seruice. Besides,
your noble inclination and loue to all good Artes, and namely the diuine science of
Musicke, doth challenge the patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can
be added to Nobilitie. Neither in these your honours may I let passe the dutifull re-
membrance of your vertuous Ladie my honorable mistresse, whose singular graces to-
wardes mee haue added spirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and diligence I
haue bestowed in the search of Musicke, what trauell in forraine Countries, what suc-
cesse & estimation euen among strangers I haue found, I leaue to the report of others.
Yet all this in vaine, were it not that your honorable hands haue vouchsafed to vpholde
my poore fortunes, which I now wholly recommend to your gracious protection, with
these my first endeouours, humbly beseeching you to accept & cherish them with your
continued fauours.

Your Lordships most humble servant,

JOHN DOWLAND.



To the Courteous Reader.



O W hard an enterprize it is, in this skilfull and curious age, to commit our priuate labours to the publike viewe, mine owne disability, and others hard successe do too well assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of musicke, I had concealed these my first fruites. Which how they will thriue with your taste I know not, howsoever the greater part of them might haue been ripe enough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be seuer against them, being it selfe a partie, and those sweet springs of humanitie (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) will entertaine them for his sake, whome they haue already graced, and as it were infranchisd in the ingenious profession of Musick, which from my childhood I haue euer aymed at, sundrie times leauing my natiue Countrey, the better to attaine so excellent a science. About sixteene yeeres past, I trauelled the chiefe parts of *France*, a nation furnisht with great varietie of Musick: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my course towards the famous prouinces of *Germany*; where I found both excellent Masters, and most honorable Patrons of Musicke: Namely those two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Iulio Duke of Brunswick*, & learned *Marinius Lantzgrau* of *Hessen*; of whose princely vertues and fauours toward me I can neuer speake sufficiently. Neither can I forget the kindnesse of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned master of Musicke, seruant to the royal Prince the *Lantzgrau* of *Hessen*, and *Gregorio Howet* Lutenist to the magnificent Duke of *Brunswick*, both whome I name as well for their loue to me, as also for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing spent some moneths in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy Countrey, I past over the *Alpes* into *Italy*, where I found the Cities furnisht with all good Artes, but especially Musicke. What fauour and estimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, and diuers other places, I willingly suppress, least I should any way seeme partiall in mine owne indeuours. Yet can I not dissemble the great content I found in the profered amitie of the famous *Luca Marenzio*, whose sundrie letters I receiued from *Rome*, and one of them, because it is but short, I haue thought good to set downe, not thinking it anie disgrace to be proud of the iudgement of so excellent a man.

Multo Magnifico Signior mio offeruandissimo.

PER una lettera del Signior Alberigo Maluezi ho inteso quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di essermi congiunto d'amicitia, doue infinitamente la ringratio di questo suo buon'animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso seruire, poiche gli meriti delle sue infinite virtu, & qualita meritano che ogni uno & me l'ammirino & offeruino, & per fine di questo le bacio le mani. Di Roma a' 13. di Giuglio.

1595.

D. V. S. Affettionatissimo seruitore,
LUCA MARENZIO.

Not to stand too long vpon my trauels, I will onely name that worthe after
Gio uanni Croce Vicemaster of the chappel of S. Marks in Venice, with whom I had
 familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now
 readie to practise at home, if I may but find encouragement in my first assayes.
 There haue beene diuers Lute-lessons of mine lately printed without my know-
 ledge, false and vnperfect: but I purpose shortly my selfe to set forth the choicest
 of all my lessons in print, & also an introduction for fingering, with other bookes
 of Songs, whereof this is the first: and as this finds fauour with you, so shall I be af-
 fected to labour in the rest. Farewell.

THO. CAMPIANI EPIGRAMMA
 de instituto Authoris.

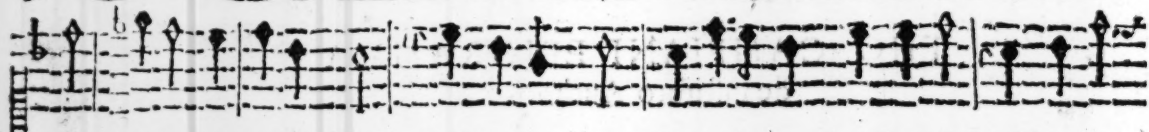
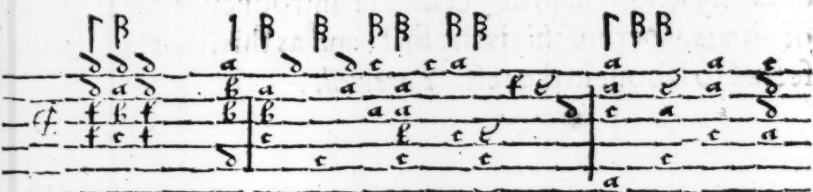
*Famam, posteritas quam dedit Orpheo,
 Dolandi melius Musica das sibi,
 Fugaces reprimens archetypis sonos;
 Quas es delicias praeiuit auribus,
 Ipsis conspicuas luminibus facit.*

A Table of all the Songs contained
 in this Booke,

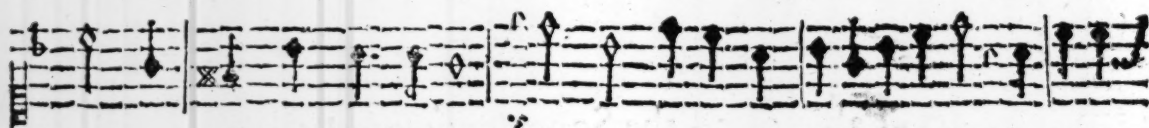
V Quiet thoughts.	I
Who euer thinkes or hopes of loue for loue.	II
My thoughts are wingd with hopes.	III
If my complaints could passions moue.	IIII
Can she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloake.	V
Now, On now I needs must part.	VI
Deare if you change Ile neuer chuse againe.	VII
Burst forth my teares.	VIII
Goe Crystall teares.	IX
Thinkst thou then by thy sayning.	X
Come away, come sweet loue.	XI
Rest a while you cruell cares.	XII
Sleepe wayward thoughts.	XIII
All ye whom loue or Fortune hath betraid.	XIIII
Wilt thou vnkind thus reauue me of my heart?	XV
Would my conceit that first enforst my woe.	XVI
Come againe, sweet loue doth now inuite.	XVII
His golden lockes time hath to siluer turnd.	XVIII
Awake sweet loue thou art returnd.	XIX
Come heauie sleeps.	XX
Away with these selfe louing lads.	XXI
A Galliard for two to play vpon one Lute at the end of the Booke.	



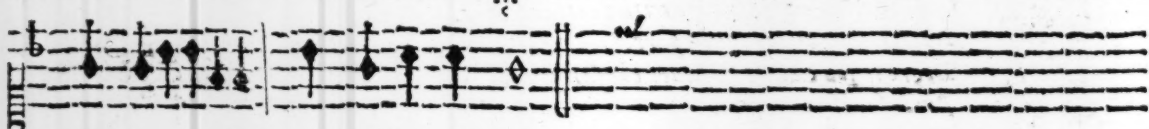
Nquiet thoughts your ciuill slaughter stint, and wrap your



wrongs within a penfue heart: And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my



thoughts to coine them words by art: Be still, for if you euer do the like, Ile cur the



string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.



But what can stay my thoughts they may nor start, How shall I then gaze on my mistresse eies?
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die? My thoughts must haue some vent els heart will break,
 When as these eies, the keyes of mouth and hart, My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,
 Open the locke where all my loue doth lie; If eies and thoughts were free, and that not speake.
 Ile seale them vp within their lids for euer, Speake then and tell the passions of desire
 So thoughts, & words, and looks shal die together. Which turns mine eies to floods, my thoughts to fire.

BASSVS.


 Quiet thoughts, your ciuill

 slaughter flint, and wrap your wrongs within

 a pensiue hart, ii. and you my


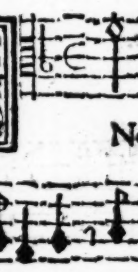

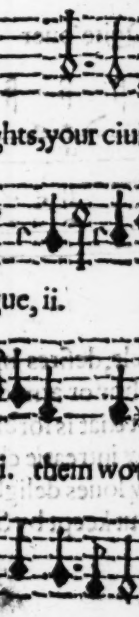
 tongue, that makes my mouth a mint, to coine

 them words by art, be still, for if you

 doe the like, Ile cut the string, ii.

 the string that makes the hammer strike.

TENOR.


 Quiet thoughts, your ciuill slaughter flint, and wrap your wrongs within

 a pensiue hart, and you my tongue, ii. that makes my mouth a mint, and stamps my

 thoughts, my thoughts to coine, ii. them words by art, be still, for if you euer doe the like,

 Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.


 like, Ile cut the string, ii. that makes the hammer strike.

 and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by art, be still, ii. for if you euer doe the

 a pensiue hart, and you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint, ii.

 Quieter thoughts, your ciuill slaughter flint, and wrap your wrongs within

ALTS.



Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue : or who be-lou'd

in Cupids lawes doth glorie: Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remoue: Who by this

light god hath not been made sorry: Let him see mee e- clipped from my sun, with

dark clouds of an earth, ii.

Quite over-
runne.

Who thinks that sorrowes felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honor arm'd,
Can keepe loue from the fruit that is forbidden;
Who thinks that change is by intreatie charmd,
Looking on me let him know loues delights
Are treasures hid in caues, but kept by Sprights.




 hath not bin made forie: Let him see me ii. eclipsed from my sun, my sun with
 lawes doth glorie, Who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, Who by this light-god
 Ho euer thinkes or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who belou'd in Cupids
 quite o- uerrunne. darke clouds of an earth. ii.

ALTS.

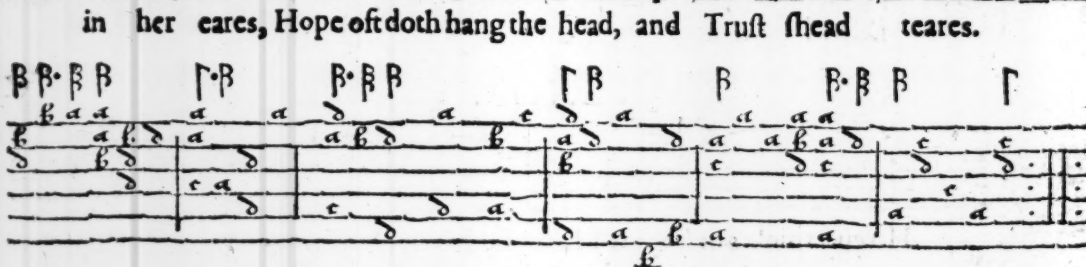
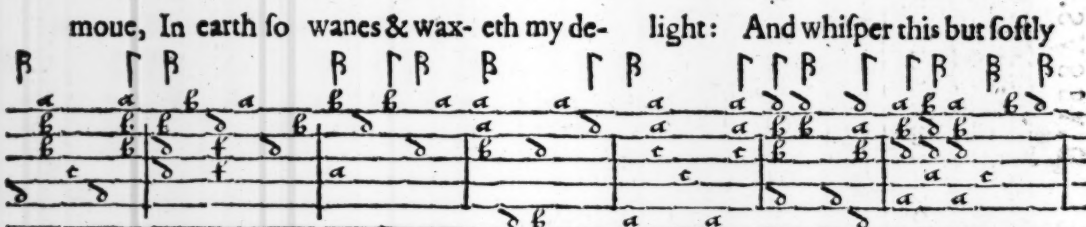
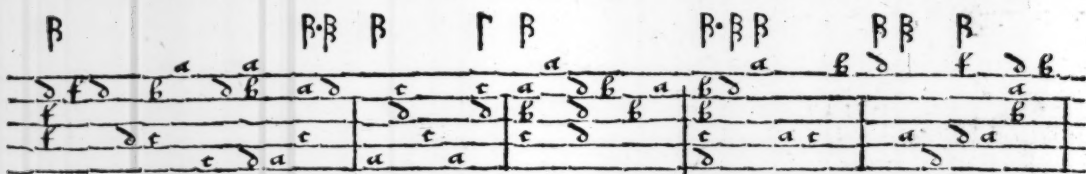
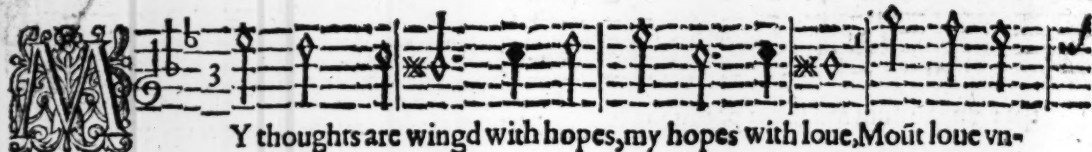


 Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue,
 Or who belou'd in Cupids lawes doth glory, Who
 ioyes in vows or vows not to remoue, who by this
 light-god hath not bin made forie, Let him see me
 eclipsed from my sun, With dark clouds of an
 earth ii. quite oerrun, clouds of
 an earth quite oerrun, let him see

TENOR.



 Ho euer thinkes or hopes of Loue for Loue, Or who be- lou'd in Cupids
 lawes doth glorie, Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remoue, Who by this light-god
 hath not bin made forie, Let him see me eclipsed from my sun, eclipsed from my sun, With
 dark clouds of an earth. ii. quite o- uerrunne, of an earth quite oerrun.



And you my thoughts that some mistrust do cary, If she, for this, with clouds do maske her eyes,
 If for mistrust my mistresse do you blame, And make the heauens dark with her disdain,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not varie, With windie sighes, disperse them in the skies,
 As she doth change, and yet remaine the same: Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine;
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect, Thoghts, hopes, & loue returne to me no more
 And loue is sweetest seasoned with suspect. Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

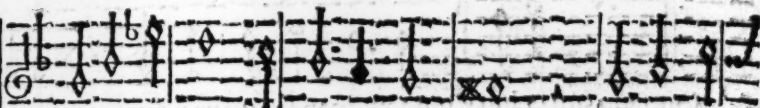
Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue, Mount loue
 vn-to the moone, the moone in cleereft night, And fay as the doth in the
 heauens moue, In earth fo wanes and waxeth my delight, And whisper this but softly
 in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head and trust thead teares.

ALTO.

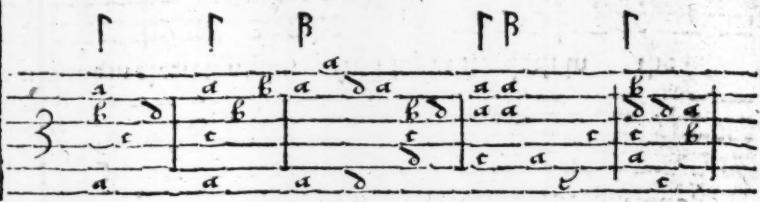
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TENOR.

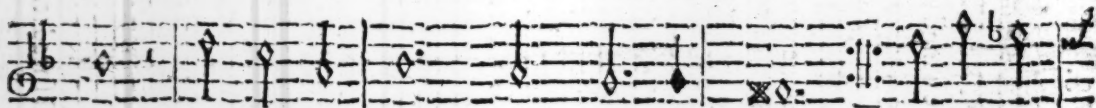
Y thoughts are wingd with hopes, my hopes with loue, Mount loue
 vnto the moone in cleereft night, And fay as the doth in the heauens moone, In
 earth so wanes so wanes and waxeth my delight, And whisper this, ii. but softly
 in her eares, softly in her eares, Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust thead teares!



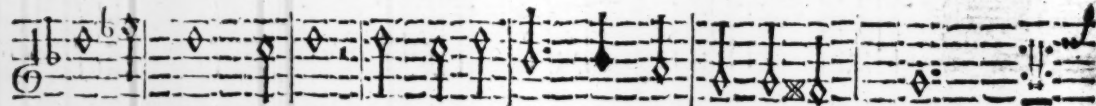
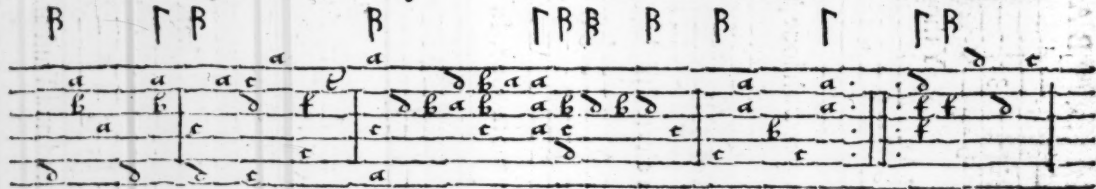
Fmy cōplaints could pas-si-ons moue, or make loue
My passions were- nough to prooue, that my de-



see wherein I suf fer wrong: O loue, I liue and die in
spairs had governd mee to long. Thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in



thee, thy grieve in my deepe sighes still speaks: Yet thou dost
mee, my heart for thy vn- kind- nes breaks: Thou saist thou



hope when I de-spaire, and when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
canst my harmes re-paire, yet for redresse, thou letst me still com- plaine.



Can loue bee rich and yet I want?
Is loue my iudge, and yet I am condemnd?
Thou plentie hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, & yet thy power contemnd.
That I doe liue, it is thy power:
That I desire it is thy worth:

If loue doth make mens liues too sowre,
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despaire, which truly saith,
I was more true to loue than loue to me.

hope thou makst me hope in vaine,
dresse thou lest me still complaine.

lights deepe sighs still speaks, Yee thou dost hope when I despaire, and when I
kind vn-kindnes breaks, Thou saist thou canst my harmes repaire, yet for re-

suffer wrong, O loue I liue I liue and die in thee, thy grieft in my deepe
me too long, Thy wounds doe fresh- ly freshly bleed in mee, my heart for thy vn-

My passions could passions moue, or make lone see wherein I
My passions were e-nough to proue, e-nough to proue, that my despaire had gourned

ALTS.

BASS.

My passions could passions moue,
My passions were enough to proue,
or make lone see wherein I suffer wrong,
that my despaire had gourned me too long,
O loue I liue and die in thee, thy grieft, ii.
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, my hart, ii.
in my deepe sighs still speaks:
for thy vn-kindnesse breakes.
and when I hope thou makst, ii. me
yet for redresse thou lest, ii. me
hope in vaine,
still complaine,

TENOR.

I

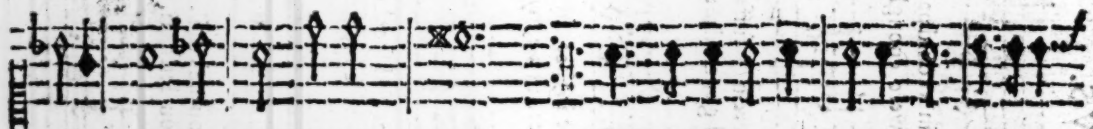
My passions could passions moue, could passions moue, or make lone see
My passions were e-nough to proue, e-nough to proue, that my despaire
wherein I suffer wrong, O loue I liue and die, I liue and die in thee, thy grieft
had gourned me too long. Thy wounds do fresh- ly bleed do freshly bleed in me, my hart
in my deepe sighs, deepe sighs still speaks, Yee thou dost hope when I despaire, and when I
for thy vn-kind vn-kindnes breaks, Thou saist thou canst my harmes repaire, yet for re-
hope thou makst me hope in vaine,
dresse thou lest me still complaine.



An she excuse my wrongs with vertues cloak? shal I call her
Are these cleer fiers which vanish in-to smoke? must I praise the



good when she proues vn-kind? No no: where shadows do for bod- dies stand, thou maist
leaves where no fruit I find? Cold loue is like to words written on sand, or to



bea- busde if thy fight be dim. Wilt thou be thus a- bused still, seeing that
bubbles which on the wa-ter swim,



she wil right thee neuer? if thou canst not orecome her wil, thy loue wil be thus fruitles e- uer,



Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Vnto tho'e high ioyes which she holds fromme?
As they are high, so high is my desire.
If she this denie what can granted be?
If she will yeeld to that which reason is,
It is reasons will that loue should be iust,

Deare make me happie still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die,
Then for to liue thus still tormented:
Deare but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

If thou canst not overcome her will, thy love will be thus fruitlesse ever.



ALTUS.

BASSVS.

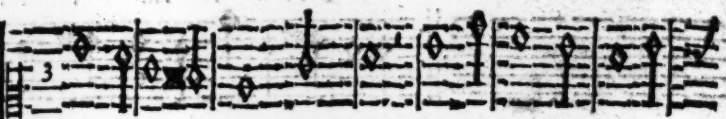


An the excuse my wrongs with
Are those cleer fires cleer fires which vanish
vertues cloake? shall I call her good when she proues
into smoke? must I praise the leaves where no fruit
vnkind? No no: where shadowes do for bodies
I find? Cold loue is like to words written on
sand, thou maist be abus'd if thy sight be dimme.
sand, or to bubbles which on the water swim.
Wilt thou be thus abus'd still, seeing that she will
right thee neuer? if thou canst not overcome her
will, thy love will be thus fruitlesse ever.

TENOR.



An the ex- cuse my wrongs with vertues cloake? shall I call her good when she
Are those cleer fires which va- nish in- to smoke? must I praise the leaves where no
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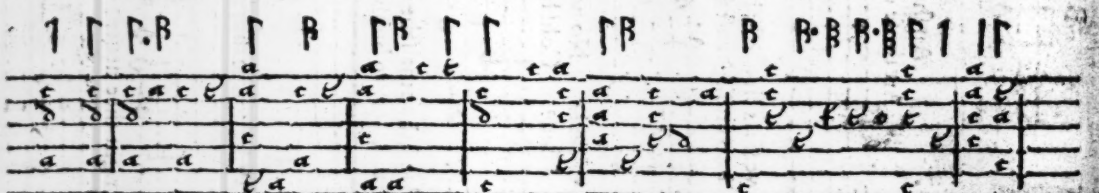
Ow, Onow I needs must part, parting though I absent
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not whē hope is



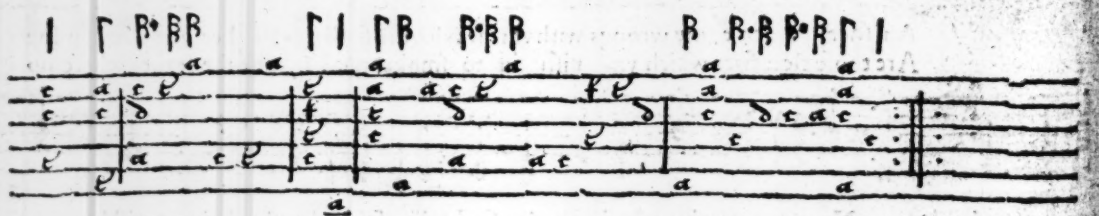
mourn, absence can no ioy im- part, ioy once fled can- not re- turne.
gone, now at last despaire doth proue, loue di- ui- ded lo- ueth none.



Sad des- paire doth driue me hence, this despaire vnkindnes sends. If that



parting bee of- fence, it is she which then of- fends.



Deare, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once,
I loued thee and thee alone,
In whose loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie,
Till that death doth sense becaue,
Neuer shall affection die.

Deare, If I doe not returne,
Loue and I shall die together,
For my absence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I die,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

kindnes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

ioy em- part, ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire doth driue mee hence: this despaire vn- proue doth proue, loue di- ui- ded loueth none.

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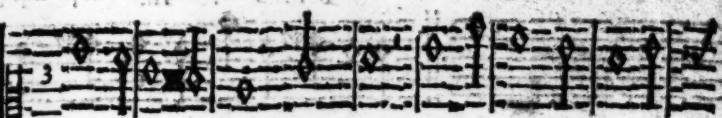
ALTVS.

BASSVS.

Ow, O now, I needs must part: part- ing While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. Now at last despaire doth part: ioi once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire proue, loue di- ui- ded loueth none. doth driue me hence, me hence: this despaire vnkind- nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

TENOR.

Ow, O now, I needs must part: part- ing though I absent mourne, absence can no ioi em- While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. now at last despaire doth part: ioi once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire despaire vnkind- proue, loue di- ui- ded loueth none. nes sends. If that parting be of- fence, it is she which then offends.



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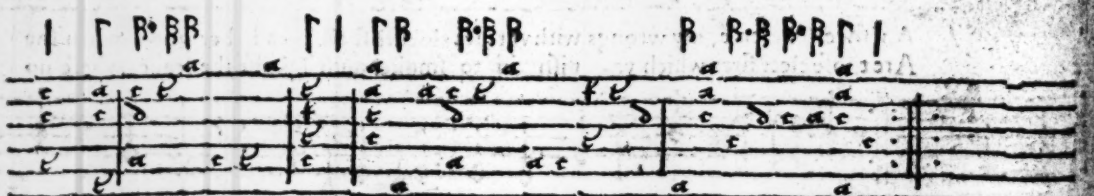
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Deare, when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once,
I loued thee and thee alone,
In whose loue I ioyed once:
And although your sight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doe lie,
Till that death doth sense bereaue,
Neuer shall affection die.

Deare, If I doe not returne,
Loue and I shall die together,
For my absence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we must though now I die,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him despaire doth cause to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

BASSVS.

N Ow, O now, I needs must part: part-ing though I absent mourne, absence can no ioy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. Now at last despaire doth
part: ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire
proue, loue di- ui-ded loueth none.
doth driue me hence, me hence this despaire vnkind-
nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which
then offends.

TENOR.

N Ow, O now, I needs must part: part-ing though I absent mourne, absence can no ioy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. now at last despaire doth
part: ioy once fled cannot re- turne. Sad despaire doth driue me hence: this despaire despaire vnkind-
proue, loue di- ui-ded loueth none.
nesse sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

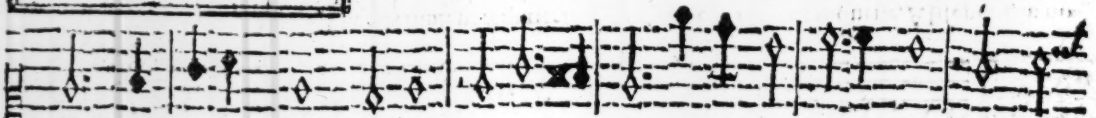
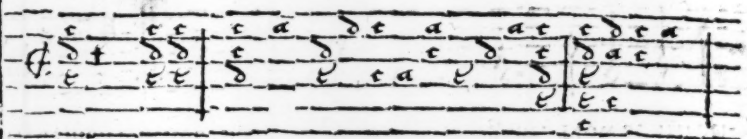
ALTVS.

N Ow, O now, I needs must part: part-ing though I absent mourne, absence can no ioy em-
While I liue I needs must loue, loue liues not when hope is gone. Now at last des-
paire doth driue me hence: this despaire vnkind-
nes sends. If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.



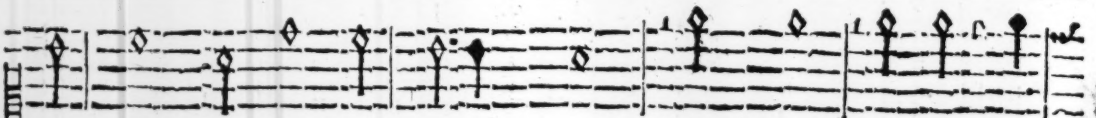
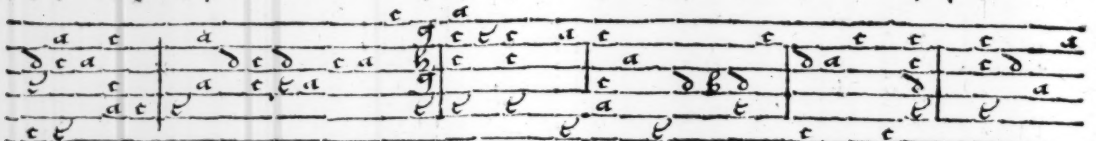
Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you

Γ·β Γ·β Γβ β | | Γβ



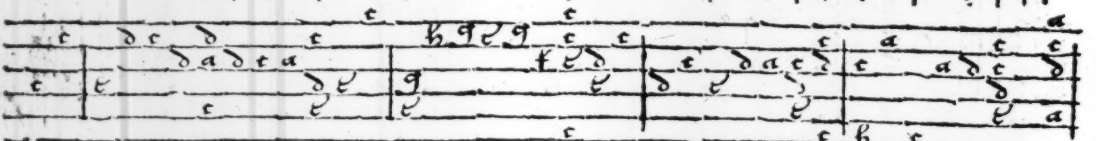
shrinke, ile neuer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wife, if

ββ β ββ β | Γ·βΓ Γββ ββ | Γβ



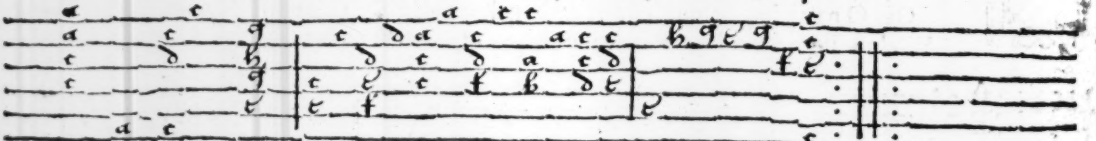
too weake, moe wits Ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change,

β β βββ Γβ β β Γβ ββ βββββ ββββ



shrinke, nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

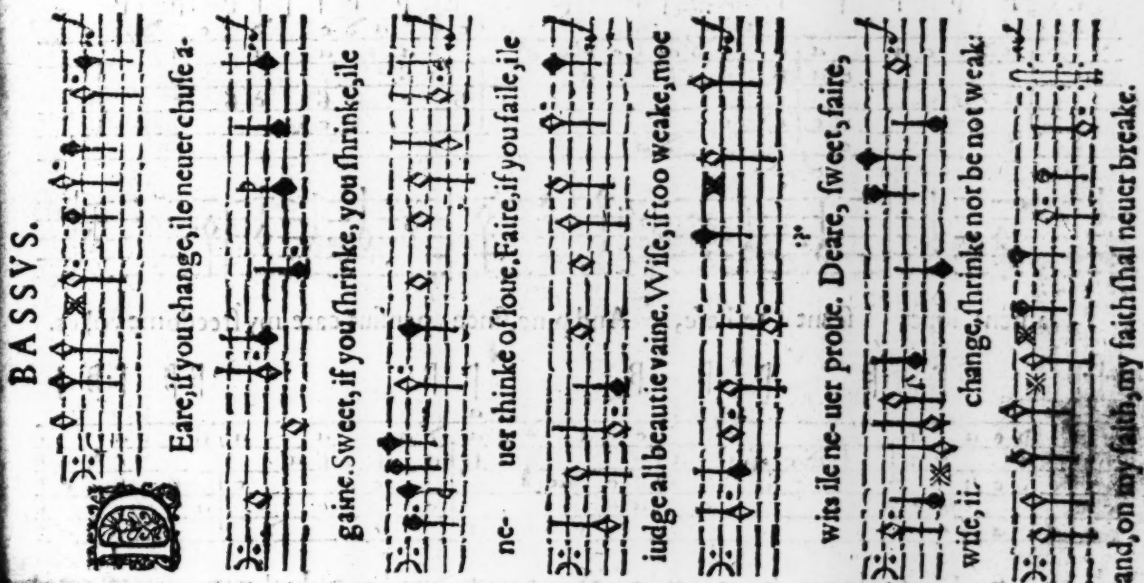
β | β βββ β β Γ



Earth with her flowers shall sooner heauen adorne,
Heauen her bright stars through earths dim globe shal moue,
Fire heate shall loose, and frosts of flames be borne,
Aire made to shine as blacke as hell shall proue:
Earth, heauen, fire, aire, the world transform'd shall view,
Ere I proue false to faith, or strange to you.


 Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
 thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beaultie vaine. Wise, if too weake, too weake,
 moe wits, moe wits, ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, change, shrink, nor be

ALTS.

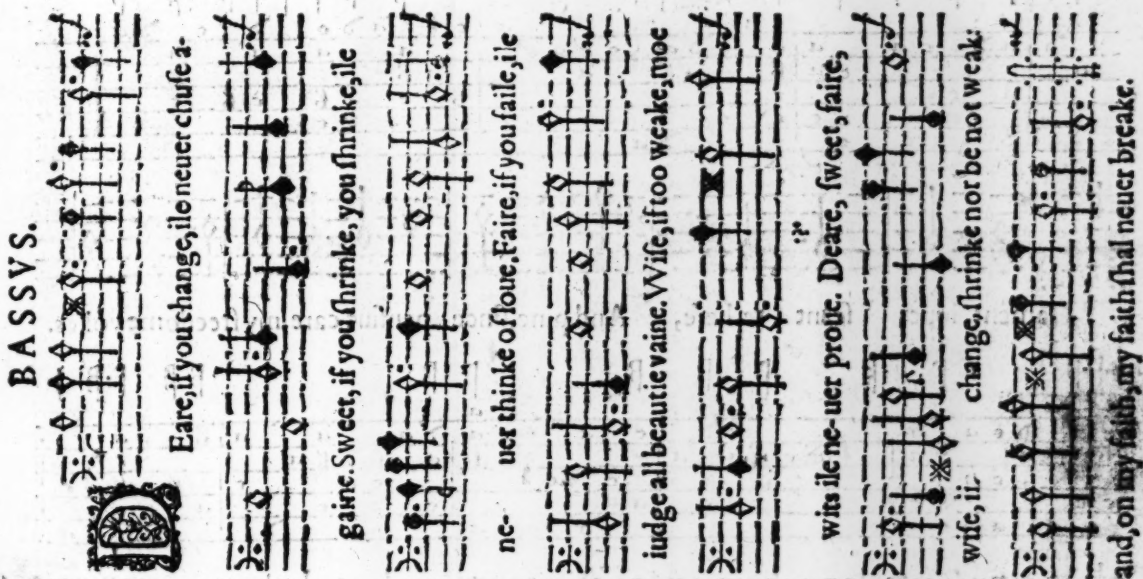
BASSVS.

 Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse a-
 gaine. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile
 ne- uer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile
 iudge all beaultie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe
 wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire,
 wise, ii. change, shrink nor be not weak:
 and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

TENOR.


 Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
 thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beaultie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moe wits ile
 neuer proue, moe wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wise, ii. change, shrink
 nor be not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.


 Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
 thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wise, if too weake, too weake,
 moc wits, moe wits, ile neuer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, change, shrink, ilink not be

ALTS.

BASSVS.

 Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse a-
 gaine. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile
 ne- uer thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile
 iudge all beautie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moc
 wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire,
 wife, il- change, shrink not be not weake:
 and, on my faith, my faith shall neuer breake.

TENOR.

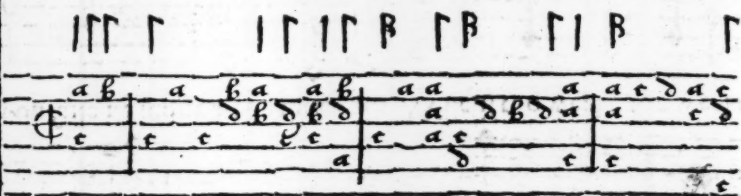

 Eare, if you change, ile neuer chuse againe. Sweet, if you shrink, you shrink, ile neuer
 thinke of loue. Faire, if you faile, ile iudge all beautie vaine. Wise, if too weake, moc wits ile
 neuer proue, moc wits ile ne- uer proue. Deare, sweet, faire, wife, il- change, shrink
 nor bee not weake: and, on my faith, my faith shall ne- uer breake.

VIII

CANTVS.

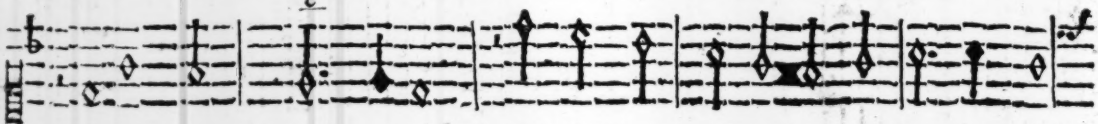
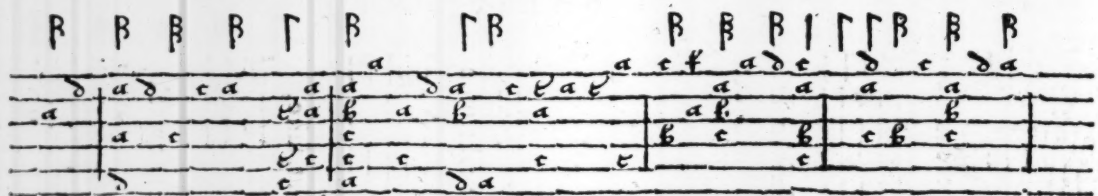


Vrft ii. forth my teares, as sist my forward grieft,

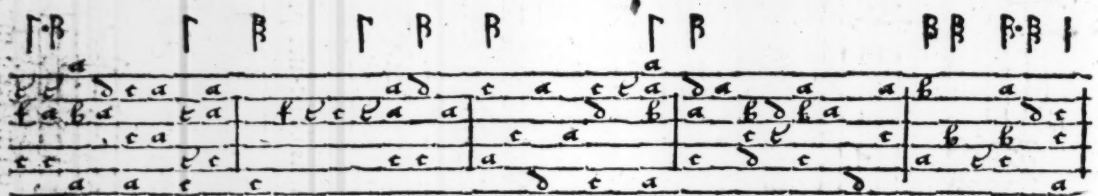


And shew what pain im- perious loue prouokes.

Kinde tender lambes,



lament loves scant re-lieve, And pine, since pensive care my freedom yokes.



Opine, to see mee pine

ii.

my tender flocks!



Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace,
 At beauties gate in hope of pitie knocks;
 But mercy sleepes while deep diffdaine increase,
 And beautie hope in her faire bosome yokes.
 O grieue to heare my grieffe, my tender flockes.

Like to the winds my fighs haue winged beene
 Yet are my fighes and lutes repaid with mocks:
 I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene:
 O ruthlesse rigour harder then the rocks,
 That both the shepherd kills, & his poore flockes.

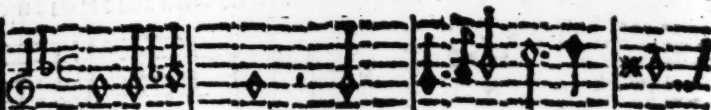
mens. ii. lous scant re-
 lief, and pine, since pensue care my freedom yokes. ii.
 paine. ii.
 impetuous loue prouokes. ii.
 Kind tender lambs, la-
 ment. ii. lous scant re-
 lief, and pine, since pensue care my freedom yokes. ii.
 O pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine, to see me pine, my tender flocks.

ALTS.

BASSVS.
 Vrst forth; And shew what paine
 impetuous loue. ii.
 prouokes. Kind
 tender lambs, lament lous scant relieve;
 And pine, since pensue care my freedom my
 freed yokes. O pine, to see me pine, to see me
 pine, my tender my tender flocks.

TENOR.

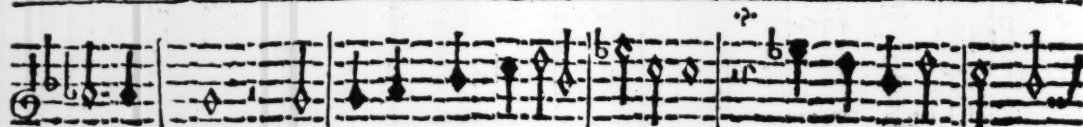
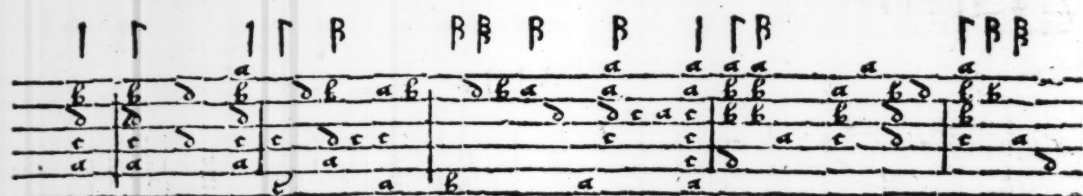
Vrst, ii. forth my teares: assist, assist my forward griefe, And shew what paine,
 paine, impetuous loue prouokes. ii.
 Kind tender lambs, lament ii. lous scant
 reliefe, reliefe, And pine, since pensue care, since pensue care, my free-dome yokes. O pine
 to see me pine, to see me pine, O pine to see me pine, my tender flocks.



O cryſtall teares, like to the morning ſhowrs,



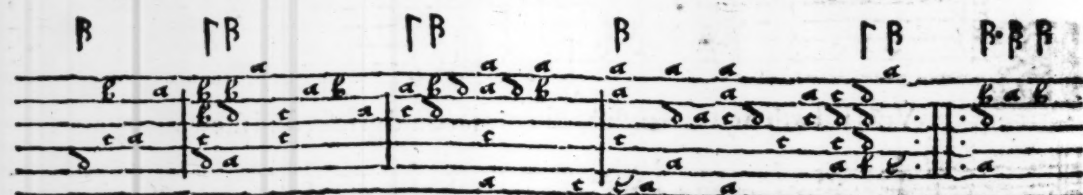
And ſweetly weepe in- to thy Ladies breaſt. And as the dewes re- uie the



drooping flowers, ſo let your drops of pitie be addreſt, To quicken vp the thoghts



of my de- ſert, which ſleeps too ſound, whiſt I from her depart.



Haste, reſtleſſe ſighs, and let your burning breath
 Diſſolue the Ice of her indurate heart,
 Whole frozen rigour like forgetfull death,
 Feeles neuer any touch of my deſart:
 Yet ſighes and teares to her I ſacrifice,
 Both from a ſpotleſſe heart and patient eyes.

whilst I from her from her depart, from her depart: to quicken

picie beaddress, to quicken vp the thoughts of my desert, which sleepes too found

to thy Ladies breast, and as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your drops of

O crysall teares, like to the morning showers, and sweetly weepe in

ALTS.

BASSVS.

O crysall teares, And sweetly weepe

into thy Ladies breast, and as the dewes

reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your

drops of pitie be address, address, to quicken

vp the thoughts of my desert, which

sleeps too found, whilst I from her depart.

TENOR.

O crysall teares, like to the morning showers, and sweetly weepe in-

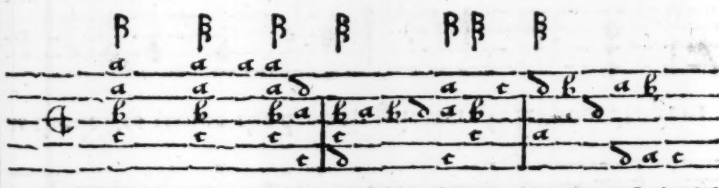
to thy Ladies breast, and as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers, so let your

drops of pitie be address, to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my desert, which sleepes

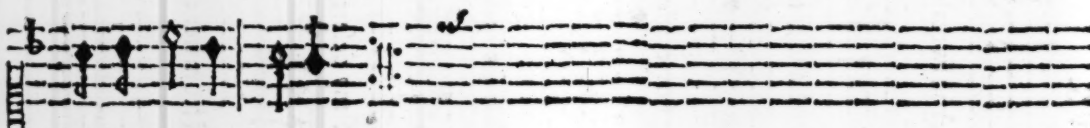
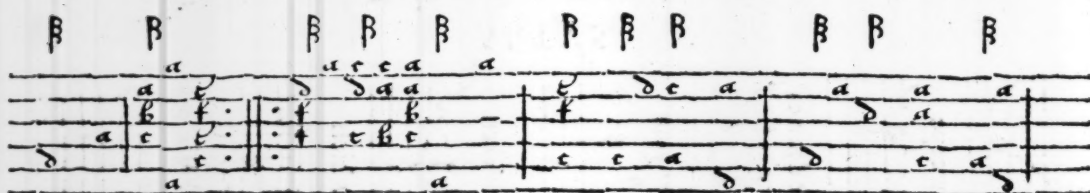
too found, whilst I from her from her depart, ii. from her depart. To quicken.



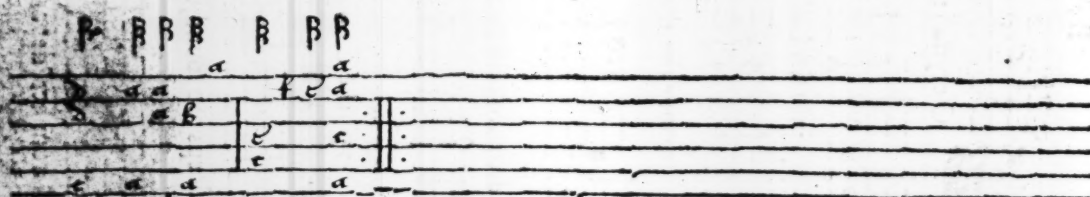
Hinkst thou then by thy fai-ning, sleepe with a proud
Or with thy craftie clo-sing, thy cru-ell eyes



dis- daining, To driue me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such
re- posing, And while sleepe fained is, may not I steale a kisse, Thy



harmlesse beautie gracing,
qui-et armes em- bracing,



O that thy sleepe dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruell eyes deceiuing,
Of linely sence bereauing:
Then should my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind despite,
While furie triumpht boldly
In beauties sweet disgrace:
And liu'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lou'd so coldly.

Should then my loue aspiring,
Forbidden ioyes desiring,
So far exceed the dutie
That vertue owes to beautie?
No, Loue seeke not thy blisse,
Beyond a simple kisse,
For such deceits are harmles,
Yet kisse a thousand fold,
For kisses may be bold
When louely sleep is harmlesse.

BASSVS.



Hinkst thou then by thy faining,
Or with thy craftie closing,



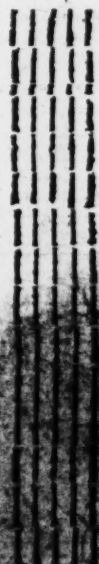
sleepe with a proud disdaining, To driue
thy cru-ell eyes repo-sing, And while



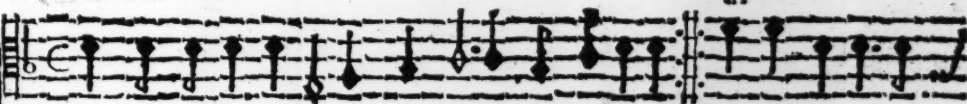
me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more de-
sleepe fained is, may not I steale a



light, such harmlesse beautie gracing.
kisse, thy qui- et armes embracing?



TENOR.



Hinkst thou then by thy faining, sleepe with a proud disdaining, To driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie closing, thy cru-ell eyes repofing, And while sleepe fained



sight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmlesse beautie gracing.
is, may not I steale a kisse, thy qui- et armes embracing?

F

ALTS.



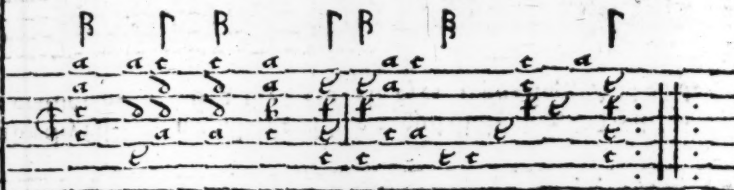
Hinkst thou then by thy fain-
ning, sleepe with a proud disdaining, To driue
Or with thy craftie clo-
sing, thy cru-ell eyes repo-sing, And while



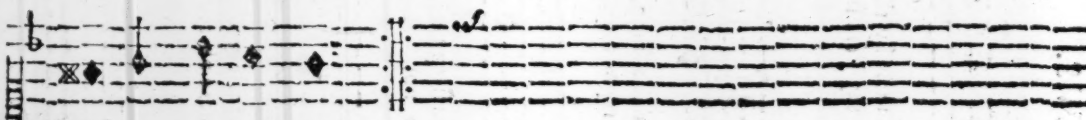
me from thy sight, when sleepe yeelds more delight, such harmlesse beautie gracing.
sleepe fained is, may not I steale a kisse, thy qui- et armes embracing?



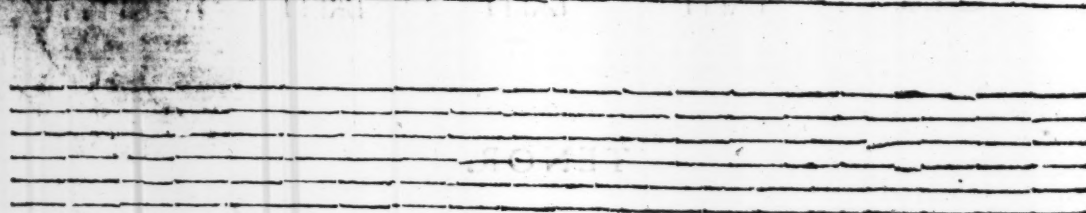
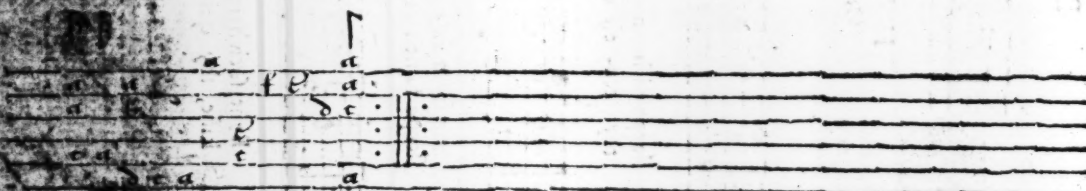
Come away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes.
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes.



Teach thine armes then to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mix our
Eyes were made for beauties grace, Viewing ru- ing loues long pains pro-cur'd by



soules in mutuall blisse.
beauties rude dis-daine.



Come away, come sweet loue,
The golden morning waxes,
While the Sun from his sphere,
His fierie arrowes casts:
Making all the shadowes flee,
Playing, staying in the groue,
To entertaine the stealth of loue.
Thether sweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying, in desire,
Wingd with sweet hopes and heu'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet loue,
Do not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that should rise,
Like to the naked morne:
Lillies on the riuers side,
And faire Cyprian flowres new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is nurse of pride,
Pleasure measure loues delight,
Haste then sweet loue our wished flight.

BASSVS.



Cme away, come sweet Loue, the
All the earth, all the aire, of



got- den morning breakes. Teach thine
Loue and pleasure speakes, Eyes were



armes then to embrace, and sweet ro- sic
made for beauties grace, viewing ru- ing



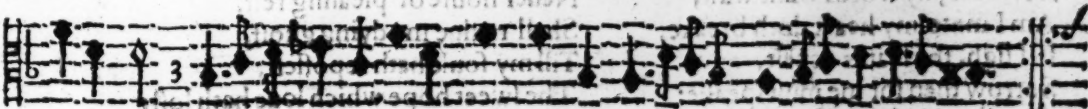
lips to kisse, and mixe our soules in
Loue long pains, Procur'd by beauties



TENOR.



Ome away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were made for



to embrace, and sweet solie lips to kisse, and mixe our soules in mutuall blisse,
beauties grace, View- ing ruing loues long pains, Procur'd by beauties rude disdain.

ALTS.



Ome away, come sweet loue, the golden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleasure speakes. Eyes were made for



to embrace, and sweet ro- sic lips to kisse, and mixe our soules in mutuall blisse,
beauties grace, View- ing ruing loues long pains, Procur'd by beauties rude disdain.



Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seuerer then



loue Beauty kills & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs re- moue: Laura,



faire queen of my delight, come grant me loue in loues de- spite, And if I euer faile to



honour thee: Let this heauen- ly light I see, bee as darke as hell to me.



If I speake, my words want wait,
Am I mute, my heart doth breake;
If I sigh, she feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake:
Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments lained be,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleasing rest,
Shall reuiue my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath repossess,
The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By furie of thy murdering eyes:
And if it proues vnkind to thee,
Let this heavenly light I see
Be as darke as hell to mee.

BASSVS.

Est a while you cruell cares:
 be not more feare then loue. Beautie kils
 & beauty spares: & sweet smiles sad fighes re-
 moue. Laura, faire queene of my delight,
 come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And,
 if I euer faile to honour thee, let
 heau'nly light I see, be
 as darke as hell to mee.

TENOR.

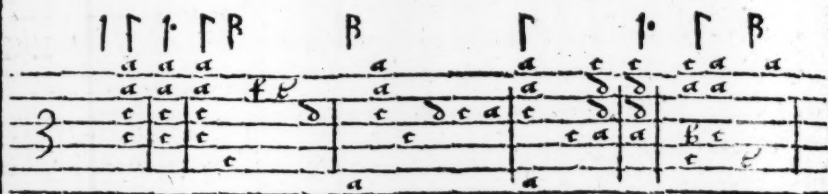
Est a while you cru- ell cares: be not more feare then loue. Beautie kils
 and beautie spares: and sweet smiles sad fighes remoue. Laura, faire queene of my
 delight, come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honor thee, let this
 heau'nly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.

Est a while you cruell cares: be not more feare then loue. Beautie kils
 and beautie spares: and sweet smiles sad fighes re- moue. Laura, faire queene of my
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 heau'nly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.

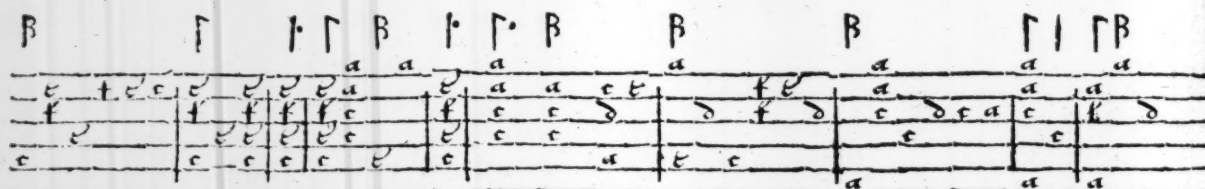
ALTS.



Est a while you cruell cares, be not more seuerer then



loue Beauty kills & beautie spares, & sweet smiles sad sighs re- moue: Laura,



faire queen of my delight, come grant me loue in loues de- spite, And if I euer faile to



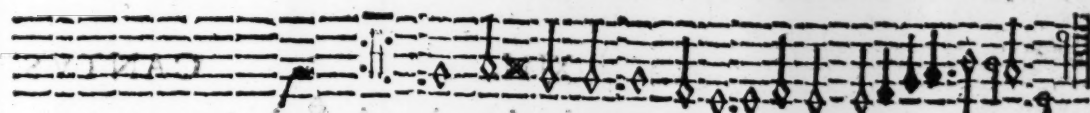
honour thee: Let this heauen- ly light I see, bee as darke as hell to me.



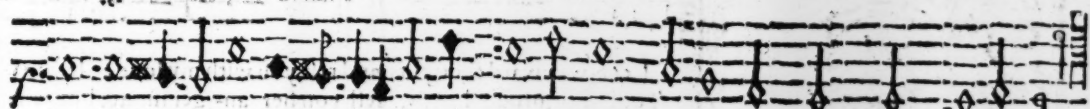
If I speake, my words want waite,
Am I mute, my heart doth breake;
If I sigh, she feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speake:
Cruell, vnkind, with fauour view
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as darke as hell to mee.

Neuer houre of pleasing rest,
Shall reuiue my dying ghost,
Till my soule hath reposset,
The sweet hope which loue hath lost:
Laura redeeme the soule that dies,
By furie of thy murdering eyes:
And if it proues vnkind to thee,
Let this heavenly light I see
Be as darke as hell to me.

this hea- uenly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.



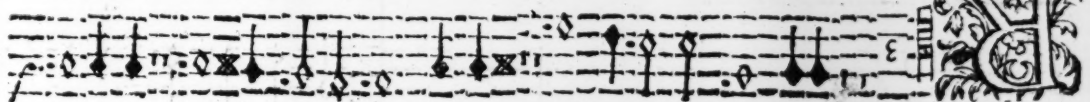
delight, come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honor thee, let



and beautie spares: and sweet smiles sad sighes re- moue. Laura, faire queen of my



Est a while you cruell cares: be not more seuer then loue, Beautie kils



ALTS.

BASSVS.



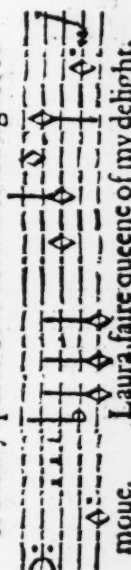
Est a while you cruell cares:



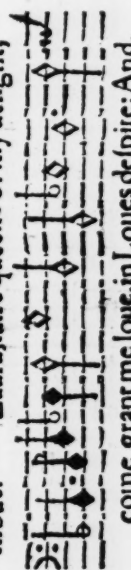
be not more seuer then loue. Beautie kils



& beauty spares: & sweet smiles sad sighes re-



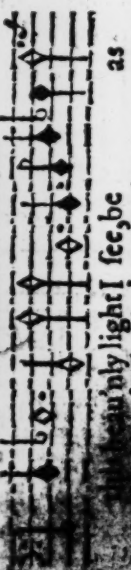
moue. Laura, faire queen of my delight,



come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And,



if I euer faile to honour thee, let

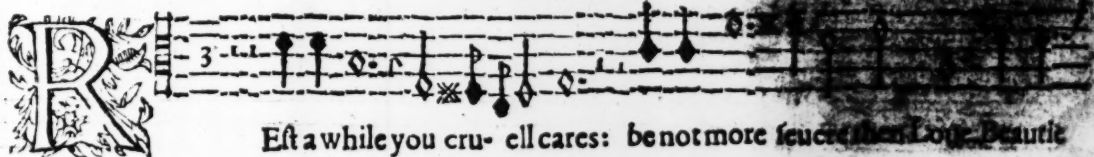


theau'nly light I see, be



as hell to mee.

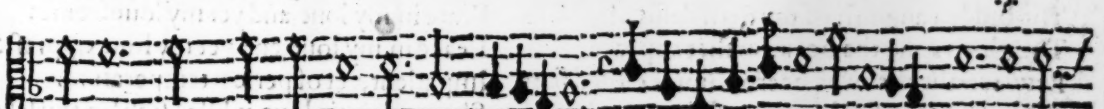
TENOR.



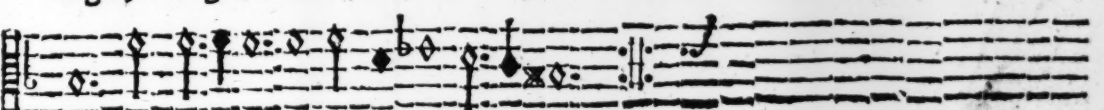
Est a while you cru- ell cares: be not more seuer then Loue. Beautie



kils and beautie spares: and sweet smiles sad sighes remoue. Laura, faire queen of my



delight, come grant me loue, in Loues despite: And, if I euer faile to honor thee, let this



heau'nly light I see, be as darke as hell to mee.

XIII.

CANTVS.



Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue : let not
Touch nor, proud hands, left you her an- ger moue: but pine

my loue bee with my : loue dis- casd. Thus, while she sleeps, I forrow for
you with my long- ings long dif- pleasd.

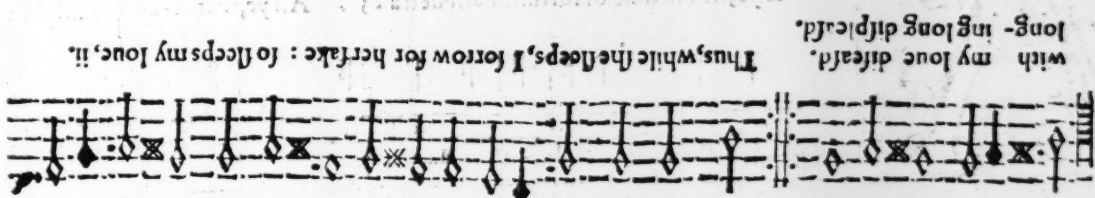
But, O the furie of my restlesse feare!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moues fighting for her sake:
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, & yet my loue doth rest:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue opprest:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleeps, daintie loue, while I fight for thy sake:
So sleeps my loue, & yet my loue doth wake.

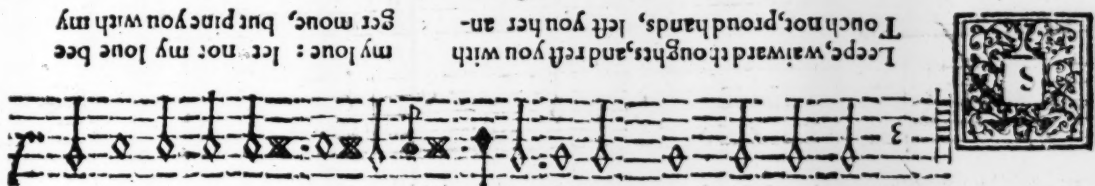
My loue doth rage, & yet my loue doth rest:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppress:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep, daintie loue, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my loue, & yet my loue doth wake.



and yet, and yet my loue doth wake.



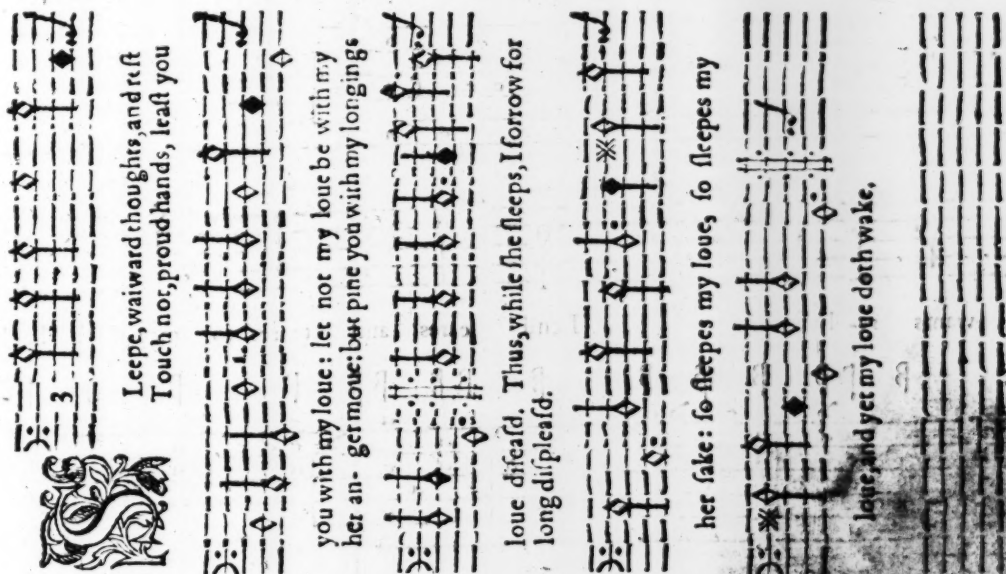
with my loue discaid. Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii.



Letce, waiward thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not my loue be Touch nor proud hands, lest you her an-ger moue, but pine you with my

ALTS.

BASSVS.



Letce, waiward thoughts, and rest
Touch nor, proud hands, lest you

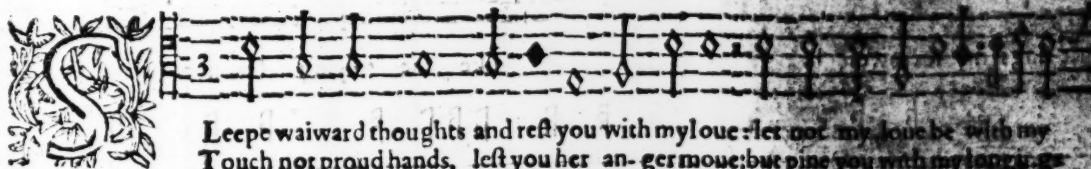
you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
her an-ger moue: but pine you with my longings

loue discaid. Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for
long displeasd.

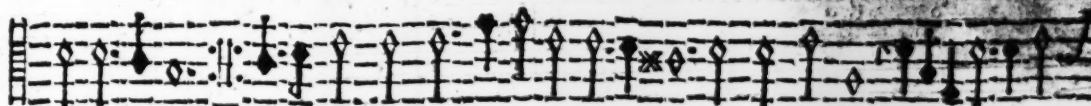
her sake: so sleeps my loue, so sleeps my

loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

TENOR.



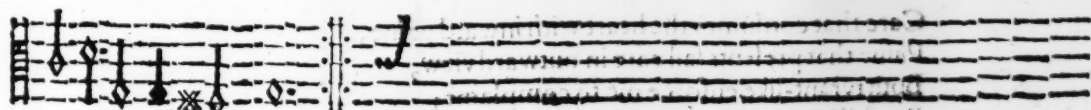
Letce waiward thoughts and rest you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
Touch nor proud hands, lest you her an-ger moue: but pine you with my longings



loue dis-caid.
long displeasd.

Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii,

and yet



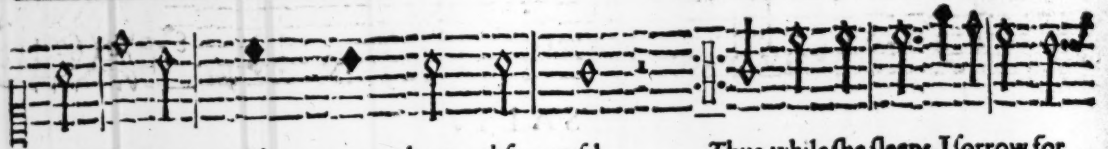
ii. my loue doth wake,

XIII.

CANTVS.

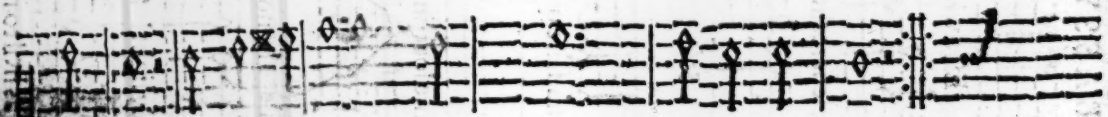


Leep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger moue: but pine

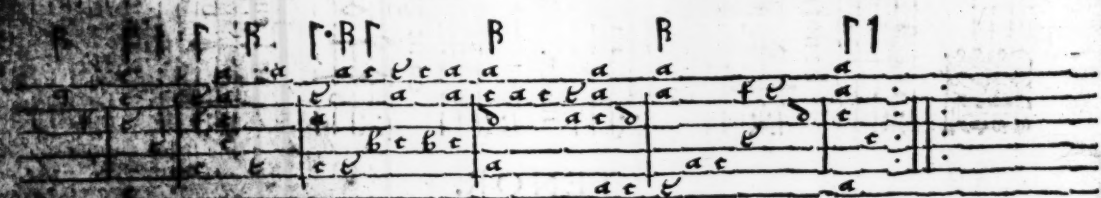


my loue bee with my : loue dis- ea'd.
you with my long- ings long dis- pleas'd.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for



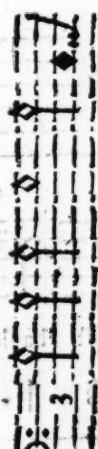
ake: So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.



But, O the furie of my restlesse feare!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Betweene her browes, neere Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps, moues sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, & yet my loue doth rest:
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue secure:
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppress:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep, daintie loue, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my loue, & yet my loue doth wake.

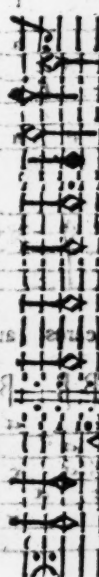
BASSVS.



Leepe, waiward thoughts, and rest
Touch not, proud hands, least you



you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
her an- get moue: but pine you with my longings



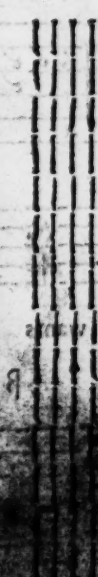
loue discaid. Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for
long displeasd.



her sake: so sleeps my loue, so sleeps my



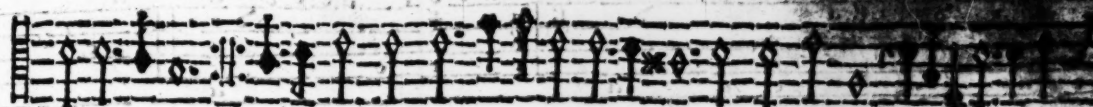
loue, and yet my loue doth wake.



TENOR.



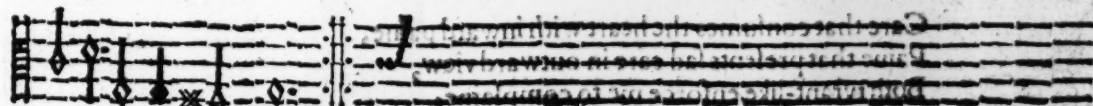
Leepe waiward thoughts and rest you with my loue: let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud hands, lest you her an- get moue: but pine you with my longings



loue discaid.
long displeasd.

Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake: so sleeps my loue, ii,

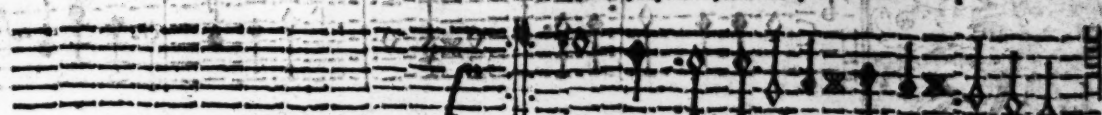
and yet



ii. my loue doth wake,

My wearies count my sorrow end,
Tears light and careless cries alone I spend,
But still in vain, for none my plaints will mend.

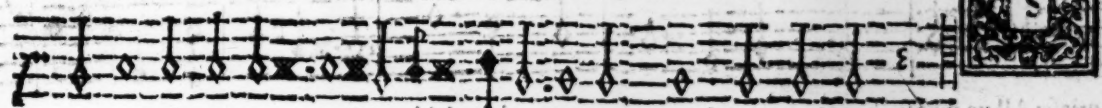
and yet my loue doth wake.



with my loue discaid.
long- ing long displeasd.



Leepe, waiward thoughts, and rest you with my loue: let not my loue be
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her an- get moue: but pine you with my

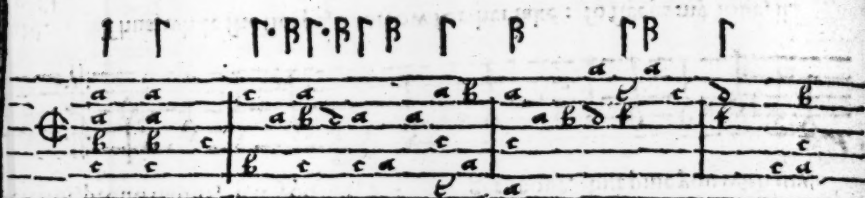


ALTS.

My wearies count my sorrow end,
Tears light and careless cries alone I spend,
But still in vain, for none my plaints will mend.



Lye, whom loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye, that dream of blisse but



liue in griefe; All ye, whose hopes are e- uer- more de- laid; All ye, whose sighs, ii. or



sicknesse wants re- liefes;

Lend cares and teares to mee most haplesse



like the dying Swanne.

like the dying Swanne.



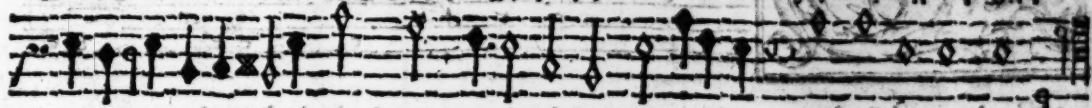
Care that consumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine;
But still in vaine: for none my plaints will rue.
Teares, sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spend;
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.



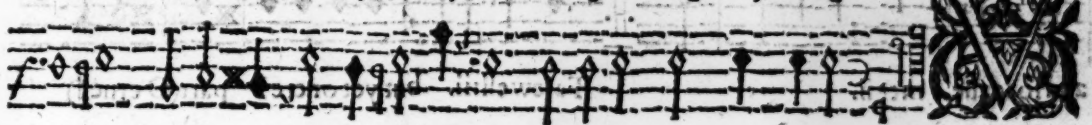
Wants to live, lend cares and teares, ii.



but live in griefe; All ye whose sighs, ii.



Lye, whom Loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye, that dream of



ALTS. B. LBB

BASSVS.



Lye, whom loue or fortune hath



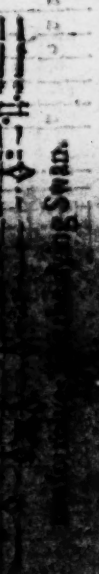
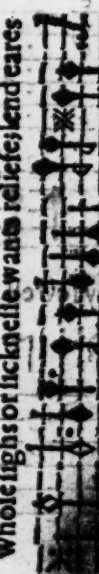
betraid; but live in griefe; All ye, whose hopes



are euer more delaid; All ye, whose sighs



whose sighs or sicknesse wants reliefe; lend cares



TENOR.



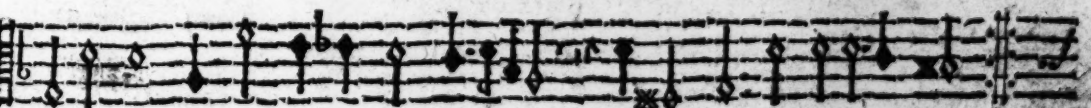
Lye whom loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye, that dream of



live in griefe, in griefe; all ye whose hopes are euer more, euer more, delaid, delaid; all yee



whose sighs or sicknesse wants reliefe; lend cares and teares to me most haples man, most



haples man, that sings my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

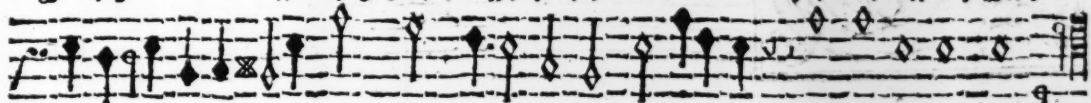
my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.



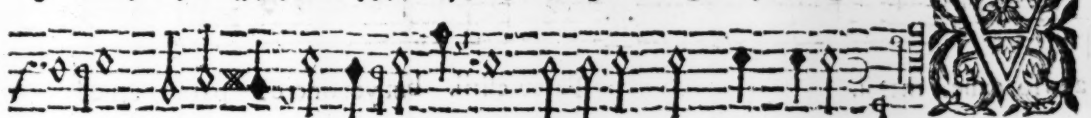
wants re- lief; lend cares and teares, ii.



blisse, but liue in griefe; are euer more delaid; All ye whose sighes, ii.



L ye, whom Loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye, that dream of

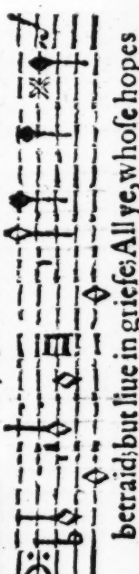


ALTS.

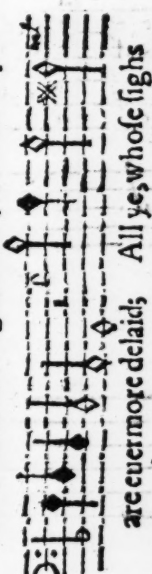


BASSVS.

L ye, whom loue or fortune hath



betraid; but liue in griefe; All ye, whose hopes



are euer more delaid; All ye, whose sighs



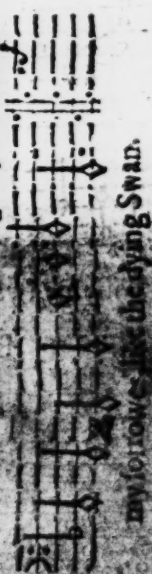
whose sighs or sicknesse wants reliefe; lend cares



and teares, ii. to me, ii.

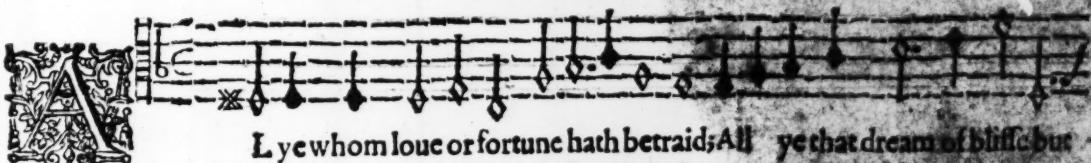


most haples man, that sings my sorrowes,



my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.

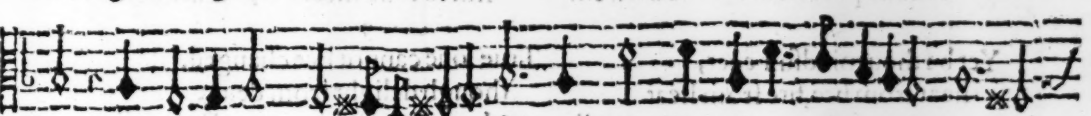
TENOR.



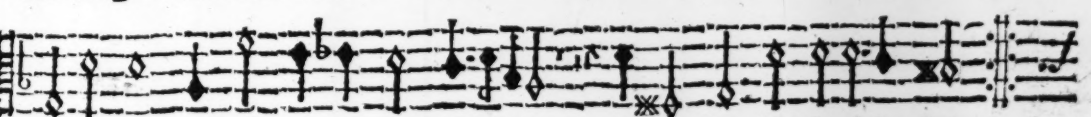
L ye whom loue or fortune hath betraid; All ye that dream of blisse but



liue in griefe, in griefe; all ye whose hopes are euer more, euer more delaid, delaid; all yee



whose sighs or sicknesse wants re- lief; lend cares and teares to me most haples man, most



haples man, that sings my sorrowes, sorrowes, my sorrowes, like the dying Swan.



Lye, whom loue or fortune hath betraid;

All ye, that dream of blisse but

lie in griefe, All ye, whose hopes are e-uer more de-laid;

All ye, whose sighs, ii. or

schewen want re-liefe;

Lend eares and teares to mee most haplesse

like the dying Swanne.

Care that confumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that precheth sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complaine;
But still in vaine: for none my plaints will rue.
Teares, sighes and ceaselesse cries alone I spend;
My life wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

RENOVATED

PAGE

STAINED PAGES

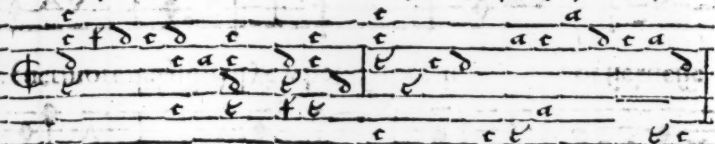
DOUBLE EXPOSURES MADE
TO COVER THE DIFFERENT
DENSITIES THAT FREQUENTLY
OCCUR

BEST
POSSIBLE
RESULT



It thou vnkind thus reaueme of my heart, ii.

BB BB B BB BB BB BB

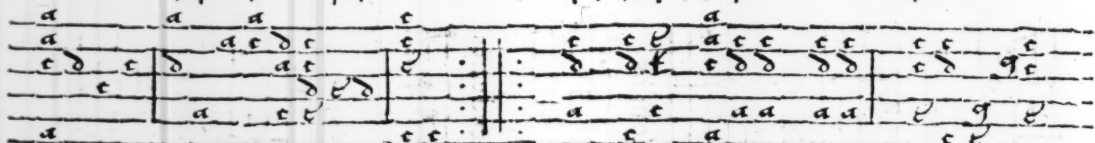


and so leaue me ii.

Farewell: ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell)

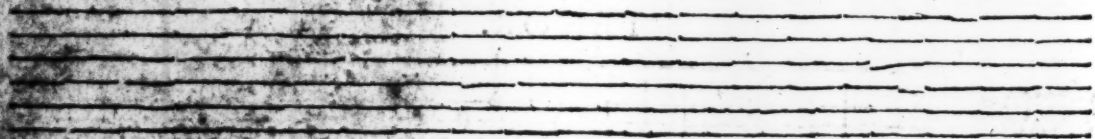
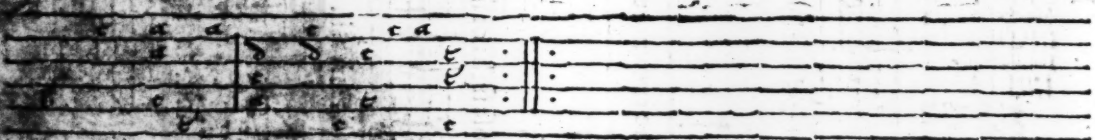
B BB B BB

BBB BBB B



kille me, sweet, ii. sweet, my lewell.

B BB B BB B



³
Hope by disdaine growes cheerelesse,
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,
beautie peerelesse. Farewell.

³
If no delays can moue thee,
life shall die, death shall liue
still to loue thee. Farewell.

⁴
Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heat from fire, fire from heat
none can seuer. Farewell.

⁵
True loue cannot bee changed,
though delight from desert
bee estranged. Farewell.

Ille thou, vnkind, thus reauce me of my heart, ii. and so leaue mee:
 Farewell: ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, sweet, ii. sweet, my Iewell.

ALTS.

BASSVS.

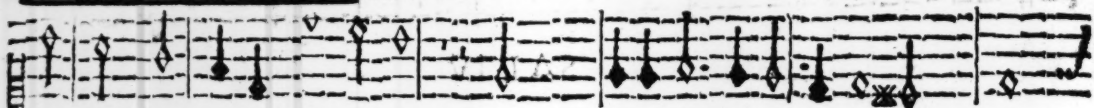
Ille thou, vnkind, thus reauce mee
 of my heart, ii. and so leaue mee?
 Farewell: ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell)
 kisse me, sweet, ii. kisse me my Iewell.

TENOR.

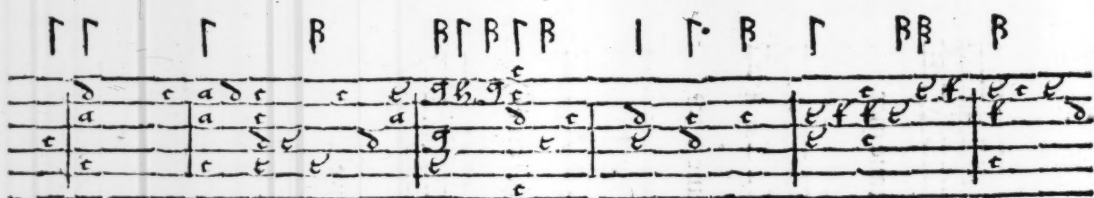
Ille thou, vnkind, thus reauce me of my heart, ii. ii. and so leaue
 me? ii. Farewell: ii. But yet or ere I part (O cruell) kisse me, kisse me,
 sweet, my Iewell.



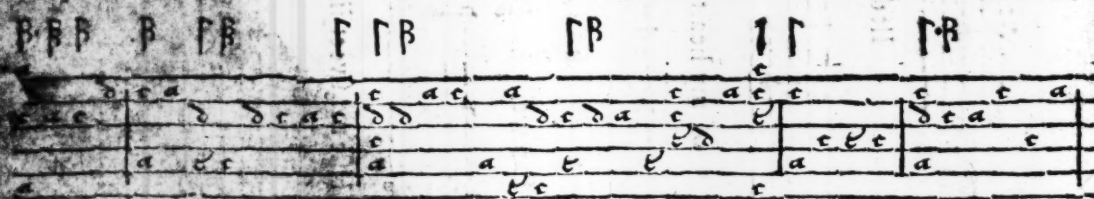
ould my conceit, first enforst my woe, or els



mine eies which stil the same increase, might be extinct, to end my sorrowes so,



which now are such as no- thing can release: Whose life is death, whose



sweet each change of fowre,

and eke whose hel re-neweth eue- ry houre.



Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,
Each houre I wast and wither where I sit:
But that sweete houre wherein I wish to die,
My hope alas may not inioy it yet,
Whose hope is such, bereaued of the blisse,
Which vnto all saue mee allotted is.

To all saue mee is free to liue or die,
To all saue mee remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I must abandon I,
Sith Fortune still directs my hap aslope.
Wherefore to niether hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralls I yeeld, for so I must.

of lowre, and eke whole hell renueth euery houre.

now are such as such as nothing can release, whose life is death, whose sweet each change

increase, still the same increase, might be extinct, to end my for-
rowes, which

ould my conceit, that first inforst my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

ALTS.

BASSVS.

ould my conceit that first inforst

my woe, or els mine eyes which still the same

increase, which now are such as nothing

nothing can release, whose life is death

and eke whole hell, whose hell renueth

euery houre

TENOR.

ould my conceit that first inforst my woe, or els the same which still the same

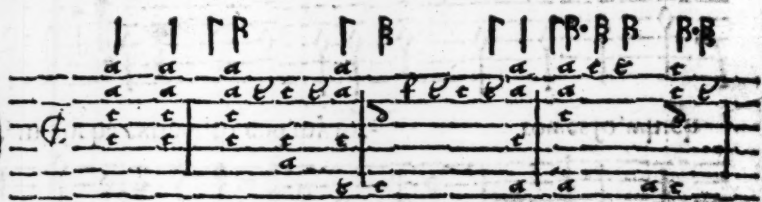
still the same increase, the same increase, might be extinct extinct, to end my sorrowes, which

now are such as nothing can re- lease, whose life is death, ii. death, whose sweet each

change each change of lowre and eke whole hell, whose hell renueth euery houre.



Come againe: sweet loue doth now inuite, thy graces



that refraine, to do me due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,



to die, with thee againe in sweetest sympathy.



Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy wound and daine,
For now let me forlorne:
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly paine and endlesse miserie.

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes do cause me pine,
And feeds mee with delay:
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioyes to
Her frownes the winters of my woe:

All the night my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eyes are full of streames.

My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and ioyes that some do find,
And marke the stormes are mee asigne.

Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld mee any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom teares, nor truth may once invade.

Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding darr,
Thou canst not pearce her heart,
For I that doe approue,
By sighs and teares more hot then are thy shadowes
Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs.

doe mee due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, in
 Ome againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra- ces that refraine, to
 sweet sympathy.

ALTS.

BASSVS.
 Ome againe, sweet loue doth now
 inuite, thy graces that refraine, to doe mee
 due delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse,
 to die, ii. with thee againe in sweetest
 sympathy.

TENOR.

Ome againe, sweet loue doth now inuite, thy graces that refraine, to doe mee
 delight, to see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to die, ii. with thee againe, ii. in sweetest
 sympathy.



Is golden locks time hath to silver turnde.



O time too swift, O swiftnesse ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath ever



spend, but spend in vaine, youth wa- neth by in-creasing: Beautie, strength, youth are



flowers but fading scene, Dute, Faith, Loue are roots and euer Greene.

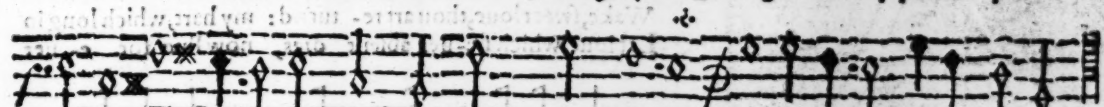


His helmet now shall make a hieue for Bees,
And louers sonets turne to holy psalmes:
A man at armes must now serue on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are ages almes:
But though from court to corage he depart
His Saint is sure of his vnspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
Hee'l teach his swaines this Caroll for a song,
Blest be the hearts that with my Soueraigne well,
Curst be the soule that thinks him any wrong:
Yee Gods allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadle now that was your knight.



waneth, wane by encreasing. Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading scene: dutie,



ness ne- uer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath e- uer spurnd; but spurnd in vaine: youth

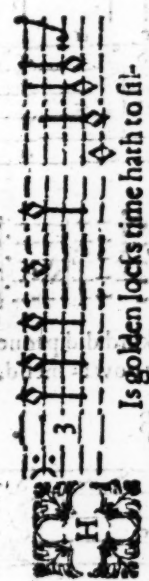


Is golden locks time hath to silver, to fil- uer turnd. O time too swift! O swift-



ALTS.

BASSVS.



Is golden locks time hath to fil-



uer turnd. O time too swift! O swiftnesse neuer



ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath



uer spurnd; but spurnd in vaine: youth wa-



neeth by encreasing. Beautie, strength, youth are

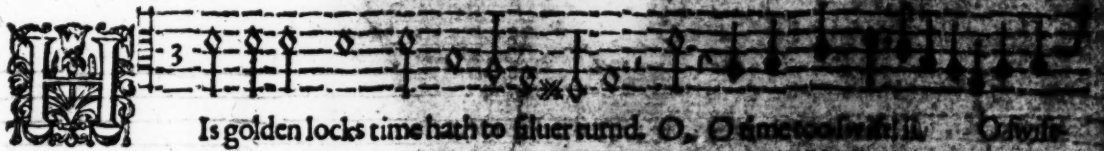


flowers but fading scene: dutie, faith, love are



are roots, and ever green.

TENOR.



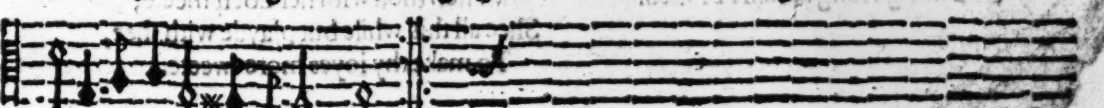
Is golden locks time hath to silver turnd. O, O time too swift! O swift-



ness neuer ceasing! his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurnd; but spurnd in vaine: youth



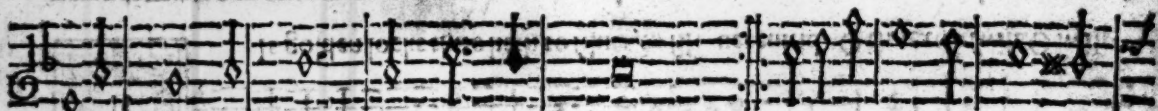
waneth by increasing. Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading scene: Dutie, Faith, Love



are roots, and e- uer green.



Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turned: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne-uer absent dies, now liue for e-uer



absence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only herselfe hath see- med
in her eyes, whence came my first an- noy. Despaire did make me wish to



long, she onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
she onely, which did make me flie, my state may now a- mend.



If she esteeme thee now aught worth,
She will not greiue thy loue henceforth,
Which so despaire hath proued.
Dispaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vnconstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

If shee at last reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raids vp from deepe despaire.
And if that now thou welcom be,
When thou with her dost meete,
Shee all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more sweete.

I could love the only draue me to despaine when the vnkind did proue
 my friend, joyes might end the onely, which did make me sicke, my fate may now amand.

lives now, in perfect ioy. Onely her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire: she onely
 whence came, whence came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make, me wish to die, that I my.

Wake, sweet loue, thou art returnd: my heart, which long in absence mounnd,
 Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes.

And close
 this close

ALIVS. And close this close

BASSVS.
 Wake, sweet loue, thou art returnd:
 Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies,
 my hart, which long in absence mounnd liues
 now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
 now came my first annoy. Onely her selfe hath
 seemed faire: she onely I could loue, she onely
 with me, my joyes might end the onely,
 whence came, whence came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make, me wish to die, that I my.

TENOR.

Wake, sweet loue, thou art returnd:
 Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence
 now came my first annoy. Onely her selfe hath
 seemed faire: she onely I could loue, she onely
 with me, my joyes might end the onely,
 whence came, whence came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make, me wish to die, that I my.

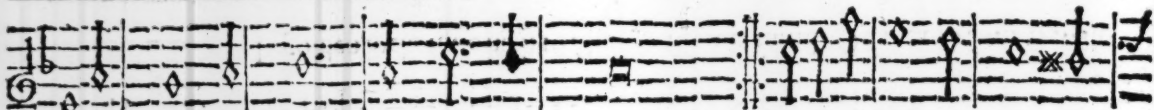
now in perfect ioy. Onely her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire,
 came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make, me wish to die, that I my.

onely draue me to despaine, when the vnkind did proue,
 onely, which did make me sicke, my fate may now amand.

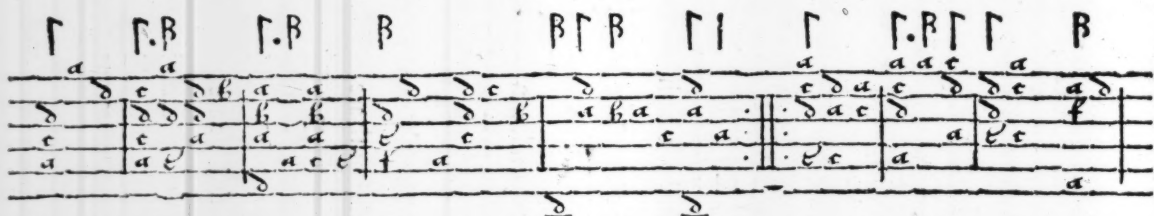
onely draue me to despaine, when the vnkind did proue,
 onely, which did make me sicke, my fate may now amand.



Wake, sweet loue, thou art re- turnd: my hart, which long in
Let loue, which ne-uer absent dies, now liue for e-uer



absence mournd, liues now in per- fect ioy. Only herselfe hath see- med
in her eyes, whence came my first an- noy. Despaire did make me wish to



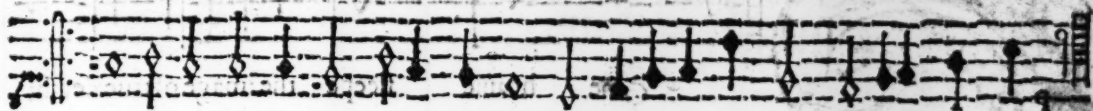
faire: she onely I could loue, she onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue.
durst that my ioyes might end: she onely, which did make me flie, my state may now a-mend.



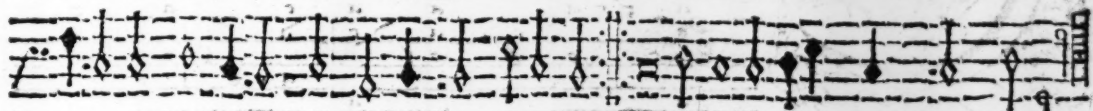
If she esteeme thee now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy loue henceforth,
Which so despaire hath proued.
Dispaire hath proued now in mee,
That loue will not vncōstant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

If shee at last reward thy loue,
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happinesse will sweeter proue,
Raids vp from deepe despaire.
And if that now thou welcom be,
When thou with her doest meete,
Shee all this while but playde with thee,
To make thy ioyes more sweete.

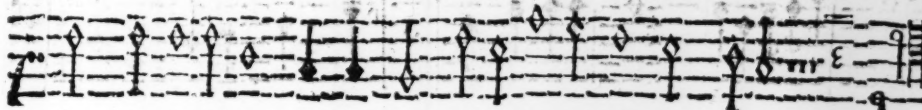
I could loue, I could loue the onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue,
 I could loue, I could loue the onely, which did make me flie, my state may now amend.



liues now, liues now, in perfect ioy. Onely her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire: the onely
 whence came, whence came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my



Wake, sweet loue, thou art returnd: my hart, which long in absence mournd,
 Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes,

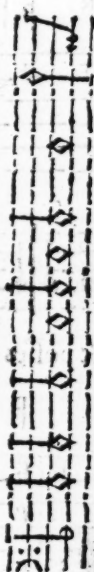


ALTS.

BASSVS.



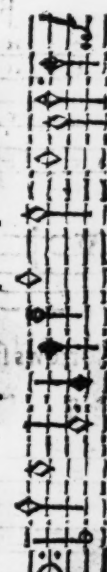
Wake, sweet loue, thou art returnd:
 Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies,



my hart, which long in absence mournd, liues
 now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence



now in perfect ioy. Onely her selfe hath
 came my first annoy. Despaire did make me



seemed faire: the onely I could loue, she onely
 wish to die, that I my ioyes might end: onely,



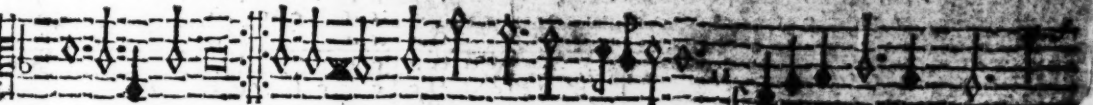
draue me to despaire, when shee vnkind did
 which did make me flie, my state may now a-



TENOR.



wake, sweet loue, thou art returnd: my hart, which long in absence mournd, liues
 Let loue, which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence



now in perfect ioy. Onely her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire. the onely I could loue she
 came my first annoy. Despaire did make, did make me wish to die; that I my ioyes might end: she



onely draue me to despaire, when she vnkind did proue,
 onely, which did make me flie, my state may now amend.



heavie sleep the image of true death

And close vp these my weary weeping eies: whose spring of tears doth stop my

years and hours of sorrowful feelings come & possess my tired thoughts

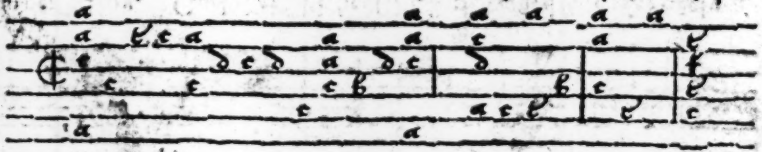
thou on me be stouk.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his blissful thought:
Come thou and charm the tumult from my breast,
Whose waking fancies do but wakeful fright;
O come sweet sleep, come rest for ever:
Come ere my last fleeting voice, or come never.



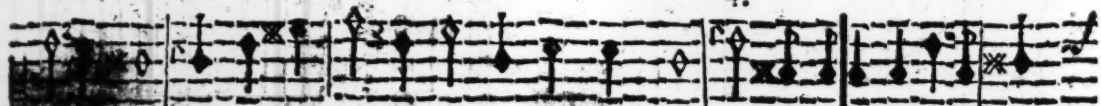
Once heauie sleepe the image of true death

Γ Β Β Β Β I Β Β Β Γ Β Β Γ.



And close vp these my weary weeping eies: whose spring of tears doth stop my

Γ Β Β Β Β Β Β Β Γ Β Β Β Β Β Γ Β

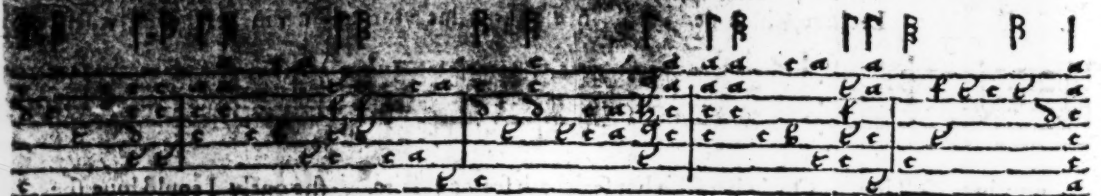


breath, and tears my hart with sorrows sigh: whose cries come & posses my tired thoughts

Γ Β Β Β I Γ Β Β Β Β Β Β Β



will thou on me be stoult.



Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his blacke fac't night:
Come thou and charme these wretched in my breast,
Whose waking fancies doth affright:
O come sweet sleepe, come, for I die for ever:
Come ere my last sleepe comes, or come neuer.

